THE TULIP TREE AND OTHER POEMS

ROBERT J. KERR.

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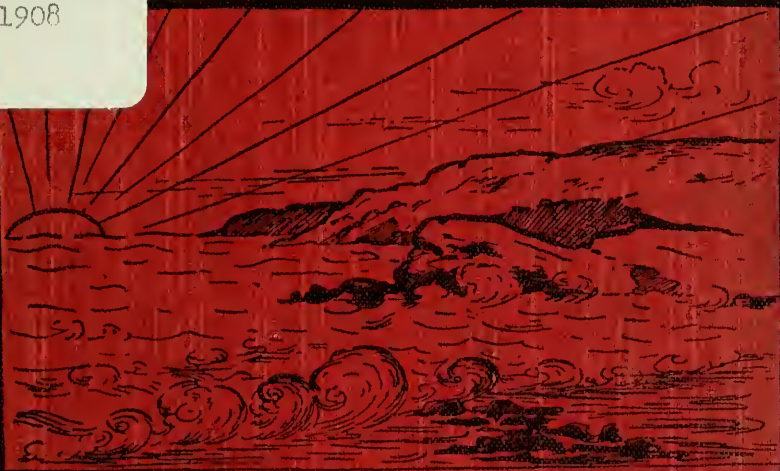

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THE TULIP TREE & OTHER POEMS
By Robert J. Kerr.

First Edition published in July, 1906.

Mr. Kerr is a true poet with a dainty touch and much grace of expression. His poems are in a minor key, but they are sweet, and they set one dreaming.

—London Quarterly Review, Oct., 1906.

Mr. Kerr seems to be, so far, nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

—The Irish Times, 9th Nov., 1906.

Some of these songlets are very beautiful :

"Short swallow flights of song that dip
Their wings in tears and skim away."

—The Freeman's Journal, 24th Nov., 1906.

THE TULIP TREE

AND

OTHER POEMS

By

Robert J. Kerr

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THE TULIP TREE.

STRIKE the olden harp once more
Lingeringly and lowly;
Let the fairy ripples pour
Through thy fingers slowly,
Through thy soft hands slowly;
Till the lonely Tulip Tree
Croons an echo through its branches
Tenderly.

Let the olden music sigh,
And the old songs quiver,
Till the cares of daylight die
In the elfin river,
In the fairy river;
Till the lonely Tulip Tree
Rustles all its dreamland branches
Restfully.

O'er the olden harp again
In the moonlight splendour,
'Neath thy hands, like falling rain,
Trickle harp-notes tender,
Weird and wild and tender ;
Till the lonely Tulip Tree
Waves in Elfland all its branches
Dreamfully.

A LAMENT.

SIGH, sigh, Wind of the Sunset,
  As the banners to westward flee;
Thou art sad for the Day-god dying
  Red-robed on the purple sea.

Sob, sob, white-crested billows,
  Ebbing slow from the land;
Moving out from the stately caverns,
  And the kiss of an ancient strand.

Moan, moan, desolate woodlands,
  And stretch your arms to the night;
'Tis my heart that is moaning above you,
  Not the wind that comes down from the
    height.

Wail, wail, Wind of the Sunset,
  And moan, dark woods, evermore,
And be tender, O Heart, and faithful,
  Though the mists grow gray on the shore,

THE DARGLE GLEN.

LIKE music softly floating
  Over the darkening sea,
When the twilight on the waters
  Falleth dreamily,
Come memories of thy bowers,
  Visions of thy shade,
Glen of the Dargle, beautiful Glen,
  Quiet and lonely glade.

Quiet and calm and lonely ;
  No sound on the Summer air,
Save the waters singing for ever
  Round rock and boulder bare ;
Save when the breezes utter
  To the sleepy woods their tale,
Kissing the ferns as they bend and flutter
  Like banners on the gale.

O best to the heart of the poet
  Nature's sweet voice doth tell
What the stream is ever singing
  Adown thy lonely dell,
And what the breeze is whispering
  To the flowers wild and bright,
Glen of the Dargle, beautiful Glen,
  Clad in the Day-god's light.

They are passing, the glowing moments,
  And thoughts through the soul rush fast,
And the heart is tossed on their surging,
  Like a willow on the blast.
A saddened joy descending,
  Like gloaming o'er the land,
Transfigures thy valley, O Dargle Glen,
  And thy thickets zephyr-fanned.

O slumber beauty-haunted,
  'Neath draperies of green,
While the bird-songs float and tremble
  All in the Summer sheen.

And rock and wood and cloudlet
  Are visions, set in the air,
Of a loveliness more wonderful,
  A reality more fair.

Long may the thoughts of thy beauty
  In gladness above me bend,
And long may the murmur of branches
  With thy waters' anthem blend.
May the freshness and the wildness
  Dwell with thee as of yore,
And thy windy woodlands, O Dargle Glen,
  Be an Eden evermore.

DREAMING.

Lulled by the long rolling billows,
  With organ tones thundering all day
At the bases of pinnacles old,
Of cliffs that are worn and old,
  I lie in white mist and spray.

Lulled by the long rolling billows,
  Till their music dies down far away,
And a wind from the West is calling
  O'er sea-spaces an old sea lay,
On my tired heart drowsily falling,
  Like a low-sung roundelay;
Till I scarce hear the white foam rushing
  In blue dreams of beauty all day.

Lulled by the long rolling billows,
  That thunder and moan all day,
Deep bass in their purple vastness,
  Silver treble in mist and spray;

I feel in my soul the vastness,
  The spell and the mystery round,
As the grim gray rocks æonial
  Shake in the crash of sound.

Lulled by the long rolling billows,
  I scarce feel the breeze or the spray ;
Like whispers in elfin willows
  Faints the chant of the deep away.
Far off in a twilight music,
  As the waters heave and sway,
Lulled by the long rolling billows,
  Fade the stress and the conflict of day.

And, awakening, I seem to hear
  The passing of wings like sighs,
O'er the dim sea-spaces near,
O'er the darkening headlands drear,
  And across the sunset skies.

SUNRISE HILLS OF GALILEE.

BRIGHT aureoled hills of hope that shine
For our sin-tossed souls on life's surging sea,
Our spirits are faint, we oft-times pine
With furléd flags at rest to be—
Sunrise hills of Galilee.

Memorial hills of dawn that shine
Through the wailing winds and the sounding sea,
We often with breaking hearts repine,
And doubt if crowns for us there be—
Sunrise hills of Galilee.

Historic hills of Faith, ashine
For the nations warring o'er time's sad sea;
A beacon uplifted, and a sign
That earth His Kingdom yet shall be—
Sunrise hills of Galilee.

O hills of hope with heaven that blend,
  Still is Christ the Master, and walks the sea,
And he that endureth to the end
  With robe and crown shall clothéd be—
    Sunrise hills of Galilee.

A FORGET-ME-NOT.

A FORGET-ME-NOT only,
Lying all lonely,
And withered as if through woe
For a vanished vision,
And a scene elysian,
And a day gone long ago.

It carries me back
O'er the swift years' track
To a far-off golden hour,
When a dear fair hand,
In a summer land,
First held it—the now dead flower.

And the music streams
Again in my dreams,
And the grace of girlhood is there;
And hopes that are fled
With the far days dead
Shine out like the shine of her hair.

A forget-me-not only !
Lying all lonely,
And o'er it the Dreams bend low ;
And the music sighs,
And rises, and dies
In a garden of long ago.

SAND-CASTLES.

FROM afar they come to me
  Across the moonlit land,
The hours spent lingeringly
By a dark heaving sea,
  And breaker-guarded strand.

In those sweet days of yore,
  Like a kiss the West wind blew
O'er the glory thy tresses wore,
O'er the bloom thy fair face bore,
  And thy loving eyes and true.

Sand-castles of childhood's play,
  Upraised with care on the shore,
Beaten down by the cruel array
Of the billows ere close of day—
  Dream-castles of Nevermore.

Few tears from thine eyelids fell,
  Few sorrows shadowed thy head,
And the lonely years still tell
How thy little hands wove their spell
  In the summer days long dead.

STORM WINDS.

THROUGH the roar of breakers, and the beating
  Of the storm-wind on the gloomy steep,
Come the sounds of rescue and of greeting
  From the darkness by the moaning deep,
  Where the mariners grim vigil keep.

Through the roar of breakers, and the beating
  Of the winds that o'er the heart-strings
    sweep,
Wake all memories of love and greeting,
  Hopes that haunted visionary sleep;
  And our souls their lonely vigil keep.

REGRET.

Joy and Sorrow—
Only but one they seem,
As the pale regretful morrow
Mourns anew each olden dream,
Islanded in memory's rosy gleam
Everlastingly.

So at even
Beside the darkening shore,
When the moon grows great in heaven,
Days that shall be—nevermore!
In the wan light bring their loving lore—
Unforgettingly.

THE RETURN.

O MANY a twilight splendour
  Has spread its banners free,
And many a moonlight tender
  Has died by lake and lea,
Has passed from hill and lea,
  And long low lines of shore,
Since by the ancient trysting tree
  We met in days of yore.

And many a shade of sorrow
  Has o'er my life been thrown,
Since on that tearful morrow
  I passed away alone ;
With haunted heart alone
  Over the waters wide,
Dreaming of thee amid the moan
  Of the night wind and the tide.

And many a dawn's deep burning
  Has lit the old yew tree,
That greeted my returning
  With woeful tale of thee ;
Of Death who hurried thee
  To thine untimely grave,
And in my soul all silently
  The yew tree's branches wave.

AT NIGHT.

PLAINTIVELY, like music of the billow
  In the gusty night-tides chanted slow,
Float the dreams across my weary pillow,
  When the trees are bending to and fro.

Plaintively the woodland winds are calling,
  And in fancy far-off waters sound
In cascades, down midnight mountains falling,
  Spreading weird monotony around.

Do the branches, as they rustle low,
  Sigh and moan, and stretch out hands in pain
For the visions vanished long ago,
  And the hopes that never come again ?

THE PATRIARCH.

SHADOWS of cedar and pine
  Across the land did lie,
The sunset tinged incarnadine
  The dreamy Syrian sky.

When towards the river shore
  The exile came in woe,
Seeing behind him, and before,
  The dark cloud looming low.

Courage upon his brow,
  And sorrow in his heart;
Far from the tents of childhood now
  For weary years to part.

The sunset smiled behind,
  The desert frowned before,
And ever the low Western wind
  A brother's anger bore.

Yet in the lapse of years
  Came there a change to him,
And the long shadow of his fears
  Grew distant and grew dim.

From the far land at last
  His weary steps returned,
And on the sad face of the Past
  A rainbow glory burned.

Shadows of cedar and pine,
  Again he saw them lie
On the blue waters' rippling shine,
  Where Jordan whispered by.

Even so to us is given
  The lurid cloud and low,
Our exiled hearts are sorrow-riven
  By many a Jordan's flow.

Wayward and murmuring
  Oft have we left the track,

Yet from our lands of wandering
  Our feet have been brought back.

Shadows, but not of pine,
  Have on our paths been cast,
Yet sunrise shall incarnadine
  Our troubled skies at last.

EVENING.

EVENING falling slow
  Through the quiet trees ;
Hills in sunset glow ;
  And fairer still than these
Was she who glimmered to and fro
  In the rose-scented breeze.

Moonlight mounting slow
  O'er the haunted trees ;
Lost the sunset glow,
  And summer's melodies ;
And where her steps no longer go,
  Is but the sighing breeze.

WHITE SOULS.

THROUGH cloud-wrack drifting tossed and torn
  Above the wind-swept bay,
Lights gleam on spars by billows borne
  From lost ships far away,
On yearning eyes, on hearts that mourn,
  And trembling lips that pray.

The starry gleams, 'mid storm and spray,
  Kiss softly height and shore,
And sighing souls grown sad and gray
  For those who come no more,
And a caressing touch they lay
  On heads age-crowned and hoar.

So on our stormy Present falls
  A love-shine's kindling glow
From the far Future's radiant halls,
  Where aureoled victors go,
Where never voice of mourner calls,
  Nor tears of childhood flow.

The radiant halls that nearer grow
  Are dawns through darkness shed,
To those who move with footsteps slow
  Through leaves of Autumn dead,
Behind them—lights of long ago,
  And sombre skies o'erhead.

O'erhead, through dateless æons rolled,
  The stars their pathways keep,
Where breaks from spaces vast and old
  The shining cosmic deep,
Whose billowy waves and worlds enfold
  Earth's silent onward sweep.

Dear earth of those who sow and reap,
  Of laughter and of sigh,
Of loves and hopes whose pulses leap
  Where tender twilights die,
Of white-robed souls for whom we weep
  Under the solemn sky.

Dear earth upon whose bosom wide
  A sheltered nest is found,
Wherein the infant souls may hide

While stellar surges sound,
And worlds uncounted pace in pride
The dread abysses round.

A sheltered nest with beauty crowned,
Short years of joy and pain,
While clustering clouds our vision bound
By placid lake and plain,
Though swells through Space's pale profound
A mighty anthem's strain.

The tread of those that march along
To music strange and sweet,
The mystical triumphant song
Of bannered hosts that greet,
And triumphs of white souls made strong
Through sadness and defeat.

O radiant Home, whose hearth-fires yet
Gleam over Time's wild sea,
May we behold, when stars are set,
His Face eternally,
Whose glory lighted Olivet,
And lay on Galilee.

IN MEMORIAM R.R.S.

Round all your lonely home,
  The night you passed away,
A cloud of sorrow fell—
  Within our hearts to stay.
Bright in your raiment fair
  You tread the Golden Shore,
Yet oh ! to hear your footfall,
  To clasp your hand once more.

And though it may not be,
  We trust amid our pain
That some day we shall hear
  In Heaven your voice again ;
Believing, though our eyes
  With human tears are wet,
Our Father's love will grant us
  To see and greet you yet.

TRINACRIA.

(A SONNET.)

THINE ancient woods of oak and ilex trees
  Stood in their prime, proud Isle Trinacrian,
What time Ulysses felt the wooing breeze,
  And Hellas her career of fame began.

Mount Etna still is crowned above the seas,
  Though thy Greek towns no mortal eye may scan ;
And though few oaks the wayward Dryads please,
  Yet lovely are the vales thy zephyrs fan.

Vales wrapped in story, like rich tapestries,
  In wheat and vines and fruits beloved of man,
Where Æolus through beech and chestnut flees
  O'er waters where Phœnician galleys ran ;
Fair as the Isle of the Hesperides,
  Slumber wave-washed, O Land Sicilian !

KILKEE.

(A SONNET.)

WITH frown and gloom the cliffs face out to sea,
And far below them, with unending roar,
White-pennoned the Atlantic billows pour
In war against their strength eternally.

Far up in air the spray is scattered free,
And hidden rocks beat back for evermore
The wrathful wailing waves that seek the shore,
While wings of wild birds flash above in glee.

Watching the war the distant dwellings stand,
Homes wedded to the gray mist and the gale,
By whose turf fires old legends of the land
Perchance cause Celtic faces to grow pale,
When wintry moonshine lights the ghostly strand,
And Ossianic heroes tread the vale.

CHILDHOOD.

(A SONNET.)

ALL glad and archly bright are thy deep eyes,
  That right and left their sunny glances dart;
  Thy red lips know not either guile or art,
But mirror each sweet smile before it dies.

Confiding are thy lispèd words and wise,
  In loving accents rippling to the heart,
  No more from out its chambers to depart,
Enfolding us with love's enchanted ties.

And through the years, with joy and sorrow blended,
  May thy young life to fairer beauty rise,
When childhood's love-protected days are ended,
  And through some lonelier land thy pathway lies,
And roads are rough, and sundown seems less splendid,
  O child of dawn and hope and summer skies.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

(A SONNET.)

THE tidings reached him on his Northern shore
That the long fight was done. The battle plain
Had yielded harvest, and the bondman's pain
And fetter's clank should cry to Heaven no more.

Fair freedom from her rugged mountains hoar
Smiled fair on vales once red with slavery's stain,
And Truth's bright harvest, ripened by the rain
Of battle, blessed the homes so dark of yore.

Through toils, through tribulations, and through fears
His songs had pleaded for the helpless slave;

And victory at last had crowned his years,
As sunshine crowns the tempest-weary wave.
Thereafter, through the land of Beulah led,
His heart at eventide was comforted.

WIMEREUX.

(A TRIOLET.)

On the sands of Wimereux
  Where the bright French children play,
Clad in many a dainty hue
On the sands of Wimereux.
All too fast the moments flew,
  All too short the summer day,
On the sands of Wimereux,
  Where the bright French children play.

THE RIVER.

(A TRIOLET.)

CROONS the river lyrics olden,
  Mystic songs at eventide ;
In the lengthening shadows folden
Croons the river lyrics olden ;
To a Queen with tresses golden,
  And a true Knight by her side,
Croons the river lyrics olden,
  Mystic songs at eventide.

A TRIOLET.

O DEAR brown hair, good-bye,
  Gentle gray eyes, farewell;
'Tis with a sad heart I cry,
O dear brown hair, good-bye.
Through all the long years I sigh
  For your soft hand's loving spell,
O dear brown hair, good-bye,
  Gentle gray eyes, farewell.

IN THE DUSK.

(A Triolet.)

O PALE face proud and tender,
  Dear face that the fair stars woo,
As they sail in their silver splendour,
O pale face proud and tender ;
And the waves, like my heart, surrender
  In the violet dusk to you,
O pale face proud and tender,
  Dear face that the fair stars woo.

RADIANCE.

(A Triolet.)

In the hush of the eventide,
  In the glen where the blue-bells grow,
The grace of her love and her pride,
In the hush of the eventide,
Shall still in white radiance abide,
  As when it shone long ago
In the hush of the eventide,
  In the glen where the blue-bells grow.

ROSE-CROWNED.

(A Triolet.)

WHILE the foam falls down at your feet,
And the wind caresses your hair,
You wander white-garmented, sweet,
While the foam falls down at your feet—
O Queen, whom at last I greet,
Rose-crowned in your radiance there;
While the foam falls down at your feet,
And the wind caresses your hair.

THE TRYSTING.

(A Triolet.)

Leaves amber and russet and red
  In sad woods of October fall ;
You come not, though Autumn has shed
Leaves amber and russet and red ;
And I sigh for our tryst long dead,
  The lost trysting, above whose pall
Leaves amber and russet and red
  In sad woods of October fall.

HAUNTED WOODLANDS.

(A Triolet.)

In the twilights evermore
  Through the haunted woodlands dying,
Leaf and lake with murmured lore,
In the twilights evermore,
Wake old dreams, and wrap the shore
  With a sheen and with a sighing,
In the twilights evermore
  Through the haunted woodlands dying.

MONSIEUR AND MADEMOISELLE.

(A Rondel.)

CHILDREN beside the sea,
  Monsieur and Mademoiselle ;
Her feet trod daintily,
  Her curls on her shoulders fell.

He shielded, with courtesy,
  Her steps from the spray and swell ;
Children beside the sea,
  Monsieur and Mademoiselle.

And Wimereux changed for me,
  By a sweet child-like spell,
To a Field of Chivalry
  Whereof old chronicles tell ;
Children beside the sea,
  Monsieur and Mademoiselle.

THE SHANNON RIVER.

(A Rondel.)

By the stately Shannon River
  In the Autumn evenfall,
Waving willows bend and shiver
  To the weary wild-bird's call.

Limerick's tolling bells deliver
  As of old their tale to all,
By the stately Shannon River
  In the Autumn evenfall.

Darkening slow the last rays quiver
  Over cottage, spire, and hall,
And upon a boy—for ever
  Building dream-lit castles tall,
By the stately Shannon River
  In the Autumn evenfall.

FAIR FACES.

(A Rondel.)

FAIR faces and glimmering hair,
Where the rich red roses sigh,
Are you only a vision fair,
Like days that are long gone by?

A dream of white angels there,
Soon far away to fly,
Fair faces and glimmering hair,
Where the rich red roses sigh?

A violin charms the blue air
In the gray-green glooms to die,
But I think of a voice more rare,
And the light of another sky—
Fair faces and glimmering hair,
Where the rich red roses sigh.

WHITE ROSES.

A Rondel.)

As you gleam in a gentle regret,
  White roses of long ago,
You are jewels of memory set
  In the smile of a sunrise glow.

A smile, unforgotten yet,
  Among apple trees lingering slow,
As you gleam in a gentle regret,
  White roses of long ago.

But, roses with dew-drops wet,
  You recall to my heart its woe
For a Face I shall never forget,
  And a Name that I whisper low,
As you gleam in a gentle regret,
  White roses of long ago.

UNDER THE LILACS.

(A Rondel.)

UNDER lilacs bending fair,
  And the hawthorn's scented spray,
Children bright and debonair
  Make the golden moments gay.

Blue-eyed boys with curling hair,
  Girls with gentle eyes of gray,
Under lilacs bending fair,
  And the hawthorn's scented spray.

Now they heed not fear or care ;
  Will they, in some far-off May,
Grieve for golden days that were,
  When gray-haired and old they stray
Under lilacs bending fair,
  And the hawthorn's scented spray ?

IN THE TWILIGHT.

(A Rondel.)

THOUGH the purple twilight falls
  With the surf on the lonely shore,
And the breeze a sad music calls
  O'er the waters for evermore,

'Tis the gloom of the heart that appals
  The hopes that fain would soar,
Though the purple twilight falls
  With the surf on the lonely shore.

While we tread again the halls
  Hid in memory's woodlands hoar,
Love lights up windows and walls
  As in dear dead days that are o'er,
Though the purple twilight falls
  With the surf on the lonely shore.

AT ROTHÉNEUF.

(A Rondel.)

SILENTLY above the deep
  On the lonely rocks alone,
Cold and grim their place they keep,
  All those mystic shapes of stone.

He hath fashioned their gray sleep
  In the gray of evenings flown,
Silently above the deep
  On the lonely rocks alone.

Never wail of winds that weep,
  Never wash of waves that moan,
Can disturb them on the steep
  Where they slumber, tempest-blown,
Silently above the deep
  On the lonely rocks alone.

A RONDEL.

THE rest that comes to tired feet,
  The pause before the last Amen,
In which our hearts turn back to greet
  The unforgotten years again.

The sunny years so fair and sweet,
  That in no forecast saw we then
The rest that comes to tired feet,
  The pause before the last Amen.

Our sins and hopes and loves we meet,
  And mysteries beyond our ken,
In those lost years whose footsteps fleet
  Bring—sad as song from poet's pen—
The rest that comes to tired feet,
  The pause before the last Amen.

MADAME SA MÈRE.

(A Rondel.)

So divine grew the light that shone
  From the soul of Madame sa Mère,
Beholding her little Yvonne
  Enthroned in her tiny chair,

That no slippers a Queen could don
  Were worthy Yvonne's feet bare ;
So divine grew the light that shone
  From the soul of Madame sa Mère.

The great ones of ages gone
  Were less than the least gold hair,
Or the lips she smiled upon,
  As she kissed the little feet there ;
So divine grew the light that shone
  From the soul of Madame sa Mère.

LOST SUMMERS.

(A Rondel.)

O LOST summers evermore
  In blue distance lying,
All your breezes love-songs bore,
  And a tender sighing.

Southern moons and love-lit shore,
  Mystical, undying,
O lost summers evermore
  In blue distance lying.

All your long-lost lays of yore
  With white wings come flying,
Float across the haunted floor
  With a faint fond crying,
O lost summers evermore
  In blue distance lying.

FLOWER-GARLANDED,
(A Rondel.)

CHILDREN flower-garlanded,
  Playing croquet long ago ;
Witchingly each wayward head
  Tossed the twining hawthorn snow ;

And the summers that have fled
  Frame in fancy's golden glow
Children flower-garlanded,
  Playing croquet long ago.

Hawthorn blossoms still are shed,
  Forms as fair float to and fro,
But with dreaming eyes I tread
  Lonely lawns where once did go
Children flower-garlanded,
  Playing croquet long ago.

WITH A DREAM IN HER EYES.

(A Rondel.)

WITH a dream in her eyes' gray hue,
And a tiny sand-castle for throne,
She sat where the billows blue
On the long low reef made moan.

And her smile more tender grew,
As she sang by the surf alone,
With a dream in her eyes' gray hue,
And a tiny sand-castle for throne.

The old has made way for the new,
The dream from her face has flown,
Yet still her sweet eyes are as true,
As when waiting—in hair wind-blown,
With a dream in her eyes' gray hue,
And a tiny sand-castle for throne.

LE MONT ST. MICHEL.

(A Rondel.)

WEARY walls of Mont Michel,
  In your passionless pale pride,
Beating back the waves that well,
  Battle-bannered, up your side.

Nations pass, but yet you dwell
  Where the lurking quicksands hide,
Weary walls of Mont Michel,
  In your passionless pale pride.

Through the years you sentinel,
  Looking landward, true and tried,
Breton shore and storied dell,
  Where your Celtic folk abide,
Weary walls of Mont Michel,
  In your passionless pale pride.

LA CÔTE D'ÉMERAUDE.

(A Rondel.)

On the rock-bound Emerald Coast,
By the island-studded sea,
Land of many a Celtic host,
And of Breton chivalry.

Loom the legends treasured most,
Seeking old haunts moaningly
On the rock-bound Emerald Coast,
By the island-studded sea.

Mont Michel yet guards its post,
Grim Carnac its memory,
But the glories—once their boast,
Fade like phantoms wailingly
On the rock-bound Emerald Coast,
By the island-studded sea.

THROUGH SEA MISTS.

(A Rondel.)

WAVES that roll round Stornoway,
  Winds that wander over Lorne,
Do you seek through sea mists gray
  For a newer brighter morn ?

Or a legend-lighted day—
  Dead beneath the stranger's scorn,
Waves that roll round Stornoway,
  Winds that wander over Lorne ?

Softly swell o'er isle and bay
  Wail of pibroch, sound of horn,
But your Gaelic children stray
  Where far alien stars are born,
Waves that roll round Stornoway,
  Winds that wander over Lorne.

SUNSET HAIR.

(A Rondel.)

CHILD, in whose sunset hair
  The warm lights wander and play,
You stand—a white Princess—there,
  On the marge of the beautiful bay.

What forms do your fancies wear,
  As the waves grow weary and gray,
Child, in whose sunset hair
  The warm lights wander and play?

Through the crimson and amber air
  Enfolding the fallen day,
Do they float to dream-islands fair,
  And the dawns that abide alway,
Child, in whose sunset hair
  The warm lights wander and play?

A BALLADE OF MAEVE.

When the sun is sinking low,
  And the Connaught hills are gray,
Wailing winds arise and go
  Through the mists on lake and bay,
And o'er ocean far away,
  With a dolorous faint keen ;
And their moanings make alway
  A Lament for Maeve the Queen.

As the sobbing night winds blow
  Round the cairn on Knocknarea,
Strange old tales they seem to know,
  Wonders of an elder day,
Deeds of chiefs in war array
  On the hills of Connaught seen ;
But through all they croon a lay,
  A Lament for Maeve the Queen.

Mists of ages round her flow,
  Shadows her crowned tresses sway,
With bright sword she meets the foe
  In a long-forgotten fray.

Tales of mountain and of fay,
  And of splendours that have been,
Call through storm and night and spray,
  A Lament for Maeve the Queen.

L'ENVOI.

Innisfail ! fond fancies stay
  Lingering o'er a bygone sheen,
While in cloudy hair they play
  A Lament for Maeve the Queen.

A BALLADE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Has a trumpet note of doom
  Sounded its weird behest
Through the canyon's glorious gloom,
  And the prairies of the West,
That the bison shall pass to his rest
  In the plains he wandered o'er;
To tread with a lordly crest
  Canyon and prairie no more?

The hot African suns illume
  The marsh by the river-horse pressed,
And the stately eagle's plume,
  And the lion on his quest;
But the wild things fly distressed,
  To be slain in their haunts of yore,
And see—as the fate that is best—
  Canyon and prairie no more.

Is there, alas! no room
  For savannas in spring flowers dressed,
Save only to deck the tomb
  Of the life they once possessed—

The bright wing and golden breast
  That swayed o'er their jewelled floor ?
Shall the wild bird see from its nest
  Canyon and prairie no more ?

L'ENVOI.

Kind hearts ! you are white flowers blest,
  You are hopes that Heavenward soar ;
Shall we see, amid changes unguessed,
  Canyon and prairie no more ?

A BALLADE OF GIRL-ANGELS.

YOUR silver-sweet voices ascend
  In a laughing and rippling refrain,
As the May buds above you bend,
  Like the touch of a tender rain.
Drawn gently to Love's domain
  By your rosebud faces so sweet,
Its summer the heart must attain
  At some little Girl-Angel's feet.

Dear feet with the blue-bells that blend,
  That glimmer through heart and through
    brain,
Brown tresses—gold tresses—that lend
  New beauty to pinewood and plain,
Dear voices that lighten our pain,
  Dear eyes that our tired eyes greet,
'Tis ineffable joy to remain
  At some little Girl-Angel's feet.

The summers pass on to their end,
  The sunny young eyes must wane,
Brown tresses—gold tresses—descend
  In the last long sunset's train.

Yet the true heart its love shall retain,
  As of old by the trysting seat,
The love it was Heaven to gain
  At some little Girl-Angel's feet.

L'ENVOI.

Princesses ! the years are vain,
  And lonely, and incomplete,
To the soul Love holds not in chain
  At some little Girl-Angel's feet.

A BALLADE OF NOËL.

The bells of Yule are ringing
  Through snow flakes falling light,
The Bethlehem music bringing
  O'er uplands cold and white.
Of rest from strain and fight
  Their silver chimings tell,
They bring the Vision Bright,
  The tearless glad Noël.

To hope with weak hands clinging,
  Through tears that dim the sight,
Our voices in soft singing
  With Angel harps unite.
Sadness and fear take flight,
  While each sweet Christmas bell
Doth hymn the Heart's Delight
  The tearless glad Noël.

Bells in the belfry swinging
  With long melodious might,
'Mid glad notes upward springing,
  The olden words recite.

Words aureoled and dight
  With all their ancient spell,
That preach in pain's despite
  The tearless glad Noël.

L'ENVOI.

Dear souls, from cloud and height
  Great bugle notes shall swell,
Proclaiming through the night
  The tearless glad Noël.

TWO RONDELETS.

NEAR Lake Lucerne
The heroes of four Cantons sleep,
Near Lake Lucerne
The love-lorn breezes sigh and yearn,
And from his legendary steep
Pilatus lowers dark and deep
Near Lake Lucerne.

O lovely Lake,
The stars shine on thee tenderly,
O lovely Lake,
The hills are smiling for thy sake,
And gazing o'er a Northern sea
I dream of bright days spent near thee,
O lovely Lake.

A RONDEAU.

O GRAY Château, adown the night
  In fancy we see chieftains bold,
When Channel seas like war-steeds white
With tossing manes rush on in might,
  And wave on wave is wildly rolled.

The shades of those who fell in fight,
  And restless warriors of old
  Whose deeds in history are told,
        O gray Château.

Boulogne beneath thee slumbers bright,
With streets in shimmering lines of light
  That speak not now of war, but fold
In quietness the town and height,
  In quietness thine ancient Hold,
        O gray Château.

A ROUNDEL.

PRAY, when the heart of the deep is swelling,
And night looms low, and the cold white spray
Falls on the fishermen's heaving dwelling—
Pray.

Ask that the Christ may beside them stay,
The stormy waves as of old time quelling,
Blessing their lonely and wind-swept way.

Maidens and wives, while your tears are welling,
And you watch on the heights above the bay,
Speak to Him there, and your troubles telling,
Pray.

A VILLANELLE.

As they stand by the garden gate
  Under the shadowy trees,
While the nightingales linger late,

In the hush of the heart they wait ;
  And her hair is stirred by the breeze
As they stand by the garden gate.

They think not of Time or Fate ;
  And his heaven in her eyes he sees,
While the nightingales linger late.

What care they for small or great,
  When of Eden they hold the keys,
As they stand by the garden gate ?

Each heart is a blest estate,
  Wherein are all melodies,
While the nightingales linger late.

In the gathering gloom they create
  Cloud castles, enchanted leas,
As they stand by the garden gate,
  While the nightingales linger late.

A RONDEAU REDOUBLÉ.

The trysting tree its shadow throws
  Across the dreaming meadow fair,
And o'er the brook that singing goes,
  Enfolded by a perfumed air.

Fond lovers twain are standing there,
  As at their feet the wild-flower blows,
And o'er her dusky-golden hair
  The trysting tree its shadow throws.

Her cheek is like the sweet red rose
  That in her tresses she doth wear ;
Their whispers break not the repose
  Across the dreaming meadow fair.

In far blue distance hillsides bare
  Their summer quietness disclose,
Peace o'er the land lies everywhere,
  And o'er the brook that singing goes.

Each tree in Love's wild garden grows
  Laden with fruits most rich and rare,

Each flower in dreamland beauty glows
  Enfolded by a perfumed air.

O lovers young and debonair,
  Bright as the breeze that round you flows,
A tender talisman you share,
  A charm to lighten toil and woes,
    The trysting tree.

DATE DUE

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